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NIBLO'S GARDEN,
New York, June 7th, 1866.

D. L. DOWNING, Esq.,
President Musical Mutual Protective Union:

DEAR SIR:—I have received your favor of May 21st.

There can be no possible misconstruction of the Article to which the Managers' Association objects, however exalted may have been the motives of your Society in framing it. It distinctly compels every musician of your Union not to perform under any leader or with any artist who does not derive a privilege of employment from you, and would have the effect at this moment of obliging any manager, who engaged the services of any of your body, to part with his present leader and orchestra, an alternative which the Managers' Association respectfully declines.

It also respectfully declines to arbitrarily dictate the maximum or minimum amount which any artist is to receive for his services.

For the rest, without venturing to question the correctness of the very unflattering estimate which you, with such unequalled opportunities of judging, have expressed of the character of many members of the Musical Union of which you are the President, and of the motives which influence them in the practice of their art—which, I may observe, more than justifies the unfavorable view which the public have taken of many of the recent proceedings of your Association—the Managers' Association cannot but feel, that had the fact occurred to your recollection that the leading members of your body, by forsaking, when employed in the orchestra, often for many nights in the week the duties they had undertaken to discharge, and committing them to substitutes from the very class now so severely reprobated, encouraged and sanctioned for their own advantage all those evils to which you attribute the deterioration of your profession, you would have spoken of brother artists with somewhat more forbearance and moderation.

In closing our correspondence, which, as a matter of justice to both parties, the Managers' Association deems it but proper to publish, permit me to renew on my part, and that of the Association of which I am President, the expression of good feeling, with which

I remain,

Yours, very truly,
W. WHEATLEY,
Pres't. Managers' Association.

A DESCENDANT OF J. SEBASTIAN BACH, A WRITING MEDIUM.

[From The Stage.]

Toujours predrix does not suit our lively friends of the gay and fascinating capital of France. They prefer *toujours canard*. The latest specimen of this Parisian delicacy has just found its way here, and it may not be wrong to serve it up to our readers. It is a musical canard, and rather "high," dating back at least two hundred years, and being of the period of the great J. S. Bach. We are almost provoked to call it a Musical-Bach duck, but any trifling with our canvas back friend would be profanation. Well, there is living in Paris a descendant of the great Sebastian, the author of the "well tempered clavichord." He is elderly and respectable. For many years he has been a teacher of music, devoting such spare time as that arduous profession permitted to antiquarian pursuits. Amongst the curiosities which he has accumulated is a strange old spinet, made out of oak, ornamented with much fine carving, tastefully gilded arabesques, intermingled with turquoises and gilded *fleurs de lys*. 'His instrument was picked up at a curiosity shop, the proprietor of which said that it had just come from Italy. To a gentleman like Mr. Bach, who was both a musician and an antiquarian, it was of course singularly interesting. He examined it very closely, and at length discovered the inscription, *Roma 1564*—showing where and when it was made. He further amused himself by playing

upon it during the evening. At the usual hour he retired to rest, highly satisfied with his prize. Strange to say he had a dream. An elegantly dressed foreigner, of the period of the 16th century, appeared to him, and said that the Spinet now in M. Bach's possession was formerly his own, having been presented to him, (the gentleman of the land of dreams), by his royal master and patron, Henri III. He stated also, that in order to soothe the melancholy of this monarch, whose course of love did not run smooth, he had written a Saraband, with which to beguile his Majesty's hours of despondency. The King, too, was given to composition, and had written a song on the subject of his blighted hopes. The stranger thereupon, with alarming alacrity, sat down to M. Bach's spinet, and sang and played both pieces. It is not astonishing that M. Bach was awakened by the performance, but it is amazing that on opening his eyes the first thing that struck his gaze was the manuscript of these two very airs, written on the blank half of a sheet of music paper on which he had been engaged the day before in writing down one of his own compositions. The courtly apparition had disappeared. More amazing still was the fact that the notes of the manuscript were written like those now in use, but the clefs were different. The words, it is stated, are in the style of Henri III. As a matter of course, M. Bach was greatly excited, and proceeded at once to make inquiries as to the authenticity of the visitant's statements. In the course of time he discovered that the stranger was no other than the defunct and forgotten Baltazarini, a favorite court musician of Henri III. The identity being established, nothing remained to be accounted for but the mysterious score. M. Bach was sorely perplexed, for he had not heard of spiritualism, and yet could not rationally account for the document. He mentioned the matter to friends who were better posted, and about a month afterwards discovered that he was a writing medium. One day, after a violent headache and a nervous trembling of the hand, he was seized with the thought that Baltazarini might desire to communicate with him. He took a pencil, and held it on a sheet of paper. Immediately he became insensible, and his hand wrote a verse of four lines, saying that the King had given the spinet to Baltazarini. The "copy" is somewhat obscure—as spirit writing usually is, and M. Bach appealed to Baltazarini for further particulars. Upon which the latter wrote: "Henri, my master, who gave me the spinet you possess, had written a *quatrain* on a piece of parchment, which he had nailed inside the case and sent to me. Some years afterwards, having to take a journey, and fearing—as I took the spinet with me to play on—that the parchment might be torn off and lost, I took, and, that I might not lose it, I put it into a little hiding place to the left of the keyboard, where it is still." M. Bach now speaks for himself:

"As at that time my spinet had been lent to the Retrospective Museum in the Palace of Industry, I could not ascertain whether this was true or not. But as soon as the spinet was brought back to me, my son and I searched carefully for this parchment, but could see nothing of it. At last, having taken it almost to pieces, we found a niche under the hammers so small that we could not get at it without taking out several of them; and there, hidden under the dust and cobwebs of three hundred years, we found a piece of parchment, blackened by time, thirty centimetres long, seven and a half wide, on which, when we had cleaned it, we found the verse alluded to, and running thus:

"Moy le Roy Henry trois octroys cette espinette,
A Baltazarini, mon gay musicien,
Mais sis dit mal sone, on bien [ma] moult simplette,
Lors, pour mon souvenir dans l'estuy garde bien."

All this would be very singular if it had not occurred a thousand times before, and very ludicrous if M. Bach were not a gentleman of nearly seventy years, who has borne the best of characters,

and whose wcf'l, even now, is respected. As it is, we are amused to see our Parisian friends, who ridiculed us severely for our "manifestations," lending themselves so readily to a most transparent "sell." They may rest assured that the next thing to be sold is the spinet.

Among the other marvellous things they promise for the Paris Exhibition, is a photographic machine that takes likenesses in all colors but green, a color which still remains obstinate to the innumerable obstinate to the inventor's researches. The Hasha of Egypt has appropriated £40,000 for the mere fitting up of his portion of the building. Turkey will send on the minaret of her mosque, a mausoleum, and a model of a Turkish house, with its *divans*, baths, &c., &c. Persia will construct, on the Champ de Mars, kiosques, silk-worm nurseries, opium manufactories, &c., a pavilion, with a model of the Shah's throne, and copies of pictures, rich carpets, furniture, &c., which adorn the imperial residence, and the fountains that surround it.

NEW BOOKS.

MEMOIRS OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.—From the German of Joseph Von Eichendorff, by CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. With Vignettes by E. B. BENSELL. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

The story of a Good-for-Nothing seems to partake of more of the spiritual *dolce far niente* than is common to that class of German romance, which fact may rest rather with the spirit of the translation than the real sentiment of the book itself. Still, there is sufficient of materialism in its tone to claim for it the title of a faithful translation.

The hero of the book is an idle, good-tempered, dreamy, and romantic fellow, loving, instinctively, music and poetry; free from actual vice, faithful in his nature, careless of the future, a very waif of humanity, and like a waif, floating into strange places. He is the most involuntary hero of romances; and the actor in strange courts, all of which fell in his way, because he was loitering along any road which presented itself, and waiting for anything that might happen. The one desire of his heart is to reach Italy, where food is to be had for the gathering, and the pleasantest lodging is the open air. Nothing to pay, and no work to do, seem to have been the goal of the Good-for-Nothing's ambition. All the chances and the changes of his life were wrought by the mighty talisman of love—a love which was called to life by romance, nurtured in a mistake and ends in a surprise and happiness. The incidents are those of a romance, and the characters such as should people it, vague and indefinite, but parts of the poetic woof of which it is composed.

It is certainly a sunny book, glittering and interesting, and addresses itself to that Bohemian principle in every poetic nature, which develops itself in the yearning to be free from the restraints and forms of civilization, and the social tyranny which springs up in all large communities—a feeling which is undefined and rarely realized, but which all of us have felt at some early period of our existence. The philosophy of the Good-for-nothing may be gathered from the following lines, which seem to spring to the lips as a perpetual consolation, whenever chance throws him upon the world, aimless, though not hopeless:

"God, when on man great love bestowing,
Over the wide world bids him rove,
Unto him all his marvels showing
In stream and field and hill and grove.

"The lazy who at home are lying
Are cheered not by morn's early red,
Know naught save nursing-children crying,
And care and fear and thoughts of bread.

"The streamlets from the hills are springing,
The lark pipes high his merry note;
Why should not I with them go singing
From healthy breast and hearty throat?"

"Let God rattle all things, with the weather,
The brook and lark and field and tree;
The heaven and earth he'll keep together,
And turn my luck to the best for me!"

We quote a chapter from this pleasant book, which will not only portray a character of the hero, but will show the agreeable style of the work:

Close by the castle-garden, and only separated from it by a high wall, ran the great turnpike. Just there a very neat little toll-house with a red-tiled roof had been built, behind which lay a little flower-garden with a fine hedge, which opened, however, through a breach in the castle-wall, into the shadiest and most retired portion of its grounds.

One day there was a death—that of the toll-man, who had lived for a long time in this pleasant public hermitage—and early the next morning I was awakened from my sleep by the secretary of the castle, and summoned by him to appear without delay before the squire. He was a droll dog, this same secretary—one of the kind who think that a good fright is an excellent joke; and he accordingly enjoyed very much my alarm at being called in such a manner. In fact, he was in such an ecstasy of joy at my grave face that I, too, soon forgot my fright, and followed him at full speed, he meanwhile snatching at a flower or fencing at the wind with his slender cane. As I entered the office, in the early dawn, there sat the squire behind an enormous inkstand and piles of papers and books, looking from his mighty wig like an owl from its nest. And the instant I entered he hooted aloud at me, in a very owly tone indeed, "Whoo—whoo—whoo—are you? Whoo—whoo—at's your name. Whoo—whoo—at's your age? Whoo—did yoo—ou come from! Can yoo—ou write and read and cipher?" flapping his elbow sometimes, when the *whoo* had been uncommonly well done, and shrugging up his shoulders until he seemed going more and more into owlhood, without the faintest hope of return.

As I readily proved that I was well accomplished in the lore of which he hooted, he chuckled as if well pleased—or, as it struck me, as if I had given him a fat mouse—and proceeded to inform me, in the tone peculiar to benevolent owls, that the gracious gentry of the castle had, in consideration of my excellent conduct and many merits, determined to bestow on me the situation of toll-taker, just become vacant.

I reviewed in haste my accomplishments and education as he spoke, and could not really deny that the squire was in the right. And so, before I knew it, I had an office under government and had become a receiver of taxes.

I at once entered my new dwelling, and was soon comfortably established in it. To my great joy, I found a number of useful and ornamental articles which the late toll-man had left to his successor: among the rest, a splendid scarlet dressing-robe, with large yellow rings and spots, green slippers, a pretty smoking-cap, and sundry pipes with long stems. All these fine things I had coveted for many a day, even before I left home, when I saw our village pastor sitting in state with similar equipments.

It was an easy life, this of taking toll, and I enjoyed it. Nothing to do but sit all day on a bench before my house, arrayed in dressing-robe and cap, and smoke my predecessor's pipe, blowing blue clouds, and seeing how the people rode or walked past to and fro. From the very depths of my soul did I, however, wish that just a few people from our village—some of the rascals who prophesied that I would never in all my life come to anything—would travel by my little establishment and see me in *this* sort of thing—particular

reference being made at the end of my wish to the red dressing-gown; for it there was any one article of faith to which I adhered with all my heart and soul, it was to the belief that the garment in question was the very perfection of all elegance and style. So I sat there, and thought of many things—how hard it is to get a start in the world, and how much better the more aristocratic style of life, with its easy work, was than any other—and finally determined that I would cease traveling, and save up my money like other folks, so as to become something great at last. But, with all this, morning and evening I thought continually on the beautiful lady.

I pulled up and threw away the potatoes which I found growing in my little garden, planting in their place the choicest flowers, at which the stately castle-porter with the princely nose (who since I was toll-taker had become my most intimate friend and daily visitor) shook his head and intimated that my sudden good fortune had turned my brain. But I never let that disturb me; for just then among the voices in the park I thought I heard that of the fair lady. After this, I made every day as choice a bouquet as I could, and, when it was dark, laid it on a stone table, where *she* was wont to go, in a retired thicket; and every evening, when I brought fresh flowers, those of yesterday were gone!

One evening the people of the castle had ridden away, hunting. The sun was setting, covering all the land with gleaming, quivering light; the Danube wound like a serpent of pure gold, and fire, far, far away, and from every hill into the deep distance rang the songs and shouts of the vine-dressers. I sat with the porter on the bench before my house, and reveled in the mild air as the merry daylight slowly grew dim and the echoes died away. Then all at once the horns of the returning huntsmen were heard, as they answered one another from hill to hill. I felt pleased to my very heart, and cried out in a rapture, "Ah, that's the business for me, that noble hunting!" But the porter calmly knocked out the ashes from his pipe, and said, "That's what *you* think, is it? Well, I've been through all that work, and poor work it is. One doesn't earn the value of the soles which he wears out; and as for the colds and coughs one gets from wet feet—"

I do not know how it was, but this answer cast me into such a rage that I fairly trembled. All at once the whole fellow, with his bore of a cloak, and everlasting feet, and snuff and turkey-cock nose, appeared intolerable. I caught him, as if beside myself, by the breast, and said, "Now, porter, pack away with you; go home, or I'll thrash you like the deuce!"

Hearing this, the porter suddenly recurred to his old idea that I was literally insane. He looked at me seriously, but with secret fear, and, without speaking a word, went away with long strides to the castle, ever and anon turning and shaking his head significantly, until he reached home, where he reported that I had really gone mad. I, however, only burst out laughing, and was glad to have got rid of this heavy sage—the more so as it was just the hour when I was accustomed to make my bouquet, and lay it in the thicket. So I sprang quickly over the wall, and was flying toward the stone table, when I suddenly heard the tread of a horse near by. There was no escape for me, as I saw my fair lady in a green hunting-dress, with nodding feathers in her hat, riding slowly, and apparently in a deep reverie, up the avenue. I could not stir; and it seemed to me as though I saw before me that most beautiful of women, the fair Magelona, of whom I had read in old books at home, as she had even so appeared under high trees, amid the ring of hunting-horns ever sounding nearer and nearer, and in the changing lights of early eve.

She, however, was almost alarmed as she beheld me, and unconsciously checked her horse; while I was like one intoxicated with doubt, heart-beating, and wild joy. But as I observed that she bore on her bosom the bouquet of yesterday, I could no longer restrain myself, and said, very confusedly, "Beautiful lady—your ladyship

—please to take these flowers too from me, and all in my garden, and all that I have! Oh, if I could only go through fire and water for you!"

She looked at me, as I first spoke, steadily, almost angrily, so that her eyes thrilled me to the very heart; but, as I went on, her glance sunk to the ground. Suddenly the sound of huntsmen approaching us was heard, and, catching the flowers from my hand, she disappeared, without speaking a word, through the farther end of the avenue.

After that evening, I found no longer rest or repose. Feeling of uneasiness oppressed me, yet mingled with undefinable pleasant hopes, as if spring were coming, so that I could not tell whether some great good fortune was fluttering towards me, or what extraordinary event it was which hung over me. At this time my vexatious ciphering and toll-house accounts bothered me sadly; so that when the sunshine through the chestnut-leaves fell green-golden through the window on my book, while adding up my columns from top to bottom and back again, strange thoughts passed through my mind, and I often became so confused that I actually could not count three. For the figure 8 always seemed to me to be my plump, black-eyed, and tightly-corseted little dame; and the evil 7 was like a guide-post eternally pointing backwards—or the gallows. The 9, however, made itself merriest at my expense, often standing, ere I was aware, like a 6 on its head; while 2 looked on like a note of interrogation, asking, "What will become of me at last, my poor cipher? Without *her*, that slender One and all, you would be forever nothing!"

Even sitting out before the door ceased to be a comfort to me. To be more at my ease, I placed a footstool there, and, after mending a large umbrella which the late toll-man had left, opened it like a Chinese tent to protect me from the sun. But it was all in vain. I bored myself until I thought my legs were growing longer for want of something else to do, and that my nose was pushing out for very weariness, as I gazed on it for hours. And when, many a time before the break of day, an extra-post-carriage came driving by, and I went out half asleep into the cool air, and perhaps some pretty little face peeped out, of which the sparkling eyes only were visible in the dim light, looking earnestly at me and bidding me good morning—when the cocks crew gayly from afar over the softly-waving corn-fields, and between the red stripes of morning in the east there swept a lark too early aroused from his nest, and the postilion, as he drove away, blew and blew on his horn—why, then I stood at my window, gazing after the wagon, and it seemed to me that I too must go after it, forth into the wide, wide world!

I still continued to leave my bouquets every evening on the stone table. But—there was the sorrow!—no living soul troubled itself about the matter after that evening; and when I in the morning looked at my little offering, there lay the flowers, gazing at me with their hanging, fading eyes covered with dew, as though they wept for grief. This troubled me, and I made no more bouquets. Weeds might grow in my garden now if they would, and the flowers bloomed sadly and alone till the wind scattered their leaves. All was quite as weedy and seedy in my heart.

While I had been gardener's boy, none of the castle-folk had ever talked to me; and after I became toll-man I spoke as little with them—always excepting my late reserved friend the stately porter, who said nothing at all; so that I knew very little of my lords and ladies. A servant either knows everything or nothing. In this critical time of ignorance, weeds, and grief, it happened one evening, as I lay in the great window of my little home, looking wearily up at the sky, that the waiting-maid of the castle came tripping along. She came up as she saw me, and stood by the window. "My lord returned yesterday from his journey," said she, in a hurry. "Indeed!" I replied, quite unconscious, in the depth of my ignorance, that he had been gone for weeks: "then our young lady his daughter must be very

glad." The girl looked at me with a sly glance, so that I wondered what I had said particularly stupid. "Pshaw! why, the child actually knows nothing at all!" she cried, with a shrug of her little shoulders. "Well," she continued, "this evening there is to be a ball at the castle in honor of my lord's return, and a masquerade. My lady will be masked, too, as a gardener-girl; do you mind that innocence?—I say, as a gardener's girl! Now, my lady happens to have noticed that you have very fine flowers in your garden ("That is more than I have noticed myself, lately," thought I, "considering the state of the weeds,") and as my lady wants flowers fresh from the bed—mind that, too, innocence!—why, you are to bring her some, and this evening at that, after dark, and you're to wait in the castle-garden under the great pear-tree, and she will come and get them."

I was bewildered with joy at this news, and, in my delight, made but one jump from the window at the pretty waiting-maid.

"Oh, what a nasty old night-gown!" she cried, as I appeared at full length in full blaze of scarlet with yellow rings. That hit hard; and, to show her that I was not altogether slow in matters of gallantry, I chased her right and left to get a kiss. But, as the deuce would have it, the dressing-robe which was much too long for me, caught under my feet, and I fell on the ground. As I picked myself up, like one who has stumbled in running a sack-race, I saw the pretty waiting-maid vanishing among the trees, and heard her laughing merrily at my mishap, as if she herself could hardly keep her feet.

And now I had something to think of, and to gladden my heart. She *did* remember me and my flowers, after all! I ran into my garden, and, tearing up the weeds in haste, threw them high in the air and far away, as though I were rooting up and destroying a sorrow with every one. The roses again grew ruddy like her mouth, the heavenly-blue convolvulus was like her eyes, and the snow-white lily, with its musing, melancholy, drooping head, was all like her; and I placed the whole sisterhood carefully in a basket. It was a lovely, silent evening, without a cloud. Here and there a star began to gleam in the sky; over the meadows, borne on the fragrant breeze, came the rush of the Danube; and all around the wild birds sang merrily. Ah! I was so happy!

As night came on, I took my basket on my arm and went towards the great garden. The flowers lay so beautifully in their little nest, and seemed so patient and gentle in their red, blue, and white freshness and fragrance, that my heart expanded with them as I peeped in.

Full of glad thoughts, I went on in the moonlight, passed the dainty thickets and summer-houses, and over the silent, neatly-sanded walks, and trim little white bridges, under which, sleeping as they floated in the grotesque shadows, sat the stately swans. The great pear-tree I found readily enough; for it was the same under which, when gardener's boy, I had dreamed away so many sultry afternoons.

Now it was so dark and lonely! Only a high aspen trembled incessantly, and whispered with its silver leaves. Sometimes the swell of music rose from the castle; and now and then in the garden voices were heard which came near me, and then, step by step, died away, till all was again silent.

How my heart beat! I felt as tremulous and guilty as though I were there to steal. Long I stood leaning on the tree, lurking and listening on every side; but still no one came, and I could bear the suspense no more. I *must* do something; so I hung my basket quickly on my arm, and climbed the pear-tree, to breathe, higher up, fresher air.

For the first time the music now sounded distinctly, as it swept over the tops of the trees. I could see all the garden, and look directly into the brilliantly-lighted castle-hall. There the chandeliers turned in the breeze, like wreaths of stars; innumerable gentlemen and ladies crowded and whirled in the dance, and mingled gayly,

ever disappearing amid each other, while many came to the windows and looked out on the night. Before the house were the green banks, the flowering shrubs, and the trees—all gilded by the many lights; while the flowers and birds seemed to stare as if awakened from their sleep. And farther on, around and behind all, lay the garden, buried in deepest, darkest shade.

"There *she* dances," thought I, alone up in the tree, "and has doubtless long since forgot you and your flowers. All is so merry, and no living soul troubles himself about you. Every one has his little corner of the earth to himself—his warm stove, his cup of coffee, his wife, and his glass of wine in the evening—and is well contented with it all. Even the porter, there, is satisfied in his long dress: But nothing goes right with you. It's just as if you came a little too late everywhere, and as if the whole world took no account of you."

While I philosophized thus, I heard all at once something rustling below me in the grass. Two sweet voices conversing closely, and in subdued tones, together. Soon the twigs in the shrubbery parted, and from between them came forth the wee little face of the waiting-maid, looking to every side among the leaves, while the moonlight shone directly on her shrewd eyes as she peeped around. An instant after, and the gardener-girl—just as the waiting-maid had described her—stepped out from among the trees. My heart beat as if it would break. She, however, wore a mask, and seemed to look around as if bewildered. Somehow it struck me that she did not seem so slender and graceful as usual. At last she came close to the tree, and removed her mask—Why, it was the elder of the two ladies, the plump, black-eyed one!

How glad I was, as I recovered from my first surprise, that I was up there in safety! "How, in all the world," thought I, "does *she* come here? Faith, if the dear, beautiful young countess were to step in just this minute for her flowers, there would be a nice story!" But I felt, on the whole, as if I could weep with vexation at the whole affair.

Meanwhile, the masked gardener-girl below began to speak: "It is so suffocating and warm there in the hall! I must cool myself a little in the delicious open air." Therewith she fanned herself with her mask, and blew away the air. I could see by the bright moonlight that her plump neck seemed to fairly swell as she crimsoned with vexation. The chambermaid sought, meanwhile, under every hedge and bush, as though hunting for pins.

"I wanted fresh flowers so much for my character," continued the "gardener-girl." "Where on earth can he be hiding? (Here the waiting-maid giggled.)

"Did you say anything, Rosette?" exclaimed the mask, rather sharply.

"I say," was the reply, with a very devoted air, "what I always *have* said—that the whole toll-man from head to foot was, is, and always will be a lout. Pshaw! he's lying asleep now somewhere under a bush!"

I felt a thrilling, prickling sensation, as of a million tiny spurs, goading me down to rescue my reputation from this horrible charge, when all at once a thundering sound of drums, orchestral music, and shouts rose from the castle, and the lady exclaimed, with vexation, "There! they are about to cheer my lord. Come, or we shall be missed!" Saying this, she clapped on her mask and ran angrily towards the castle.

The trees seemed to point their long and branching fingers after her as if with jeers, the boughs of shrubbery were lifted in the breeze like sneering noses above her head, while the moonlight played quickly around her full waist as if gliding over the key-board of a piano; and so she made her exit, as I have often seen it done by *prima donnas* on the stage, amid a tinal roar of trumpets and drums.

But I, up in my tree there, could not determine exactly what had happened to me, and so kept my glance fixed immovably upon the castle; for

a row of tall flambeaux upon the broad steps before it cast a strange gleam over the glittering windows and far into the garden. They were lighted just as the servants of the household came to play a serenade to their lord. Among them, stately and gloriously arrayed, as prime minister, stood the porter at a music-desk, blowing away with vigor and industry on a bassoon.

As I sat myself more comfortably to listen to the beautiful serenade, I saw the folding-gates in the balcony thrown open, and between them appeared a tall and stately gentleman, in uniform and with many glittering orders, supporting on one arm—the beautiful young lady, all in white, like a lily in the night, or the moon sweeping over a cloudless sky.

I could not turn my eyes from the spot, and garden, forest, and field seemed to vanish as she stood there, tall and slender and beautiful, among the gleaming torches, at one time speaking confidently to the officer, and at another nodding amiably to the musicians. The people down below were wild with joy, and I too, at last, yielding to the excitement, cried "*Hurrah!*" with them, and with all my might.

But after they had disappeared, and one torch after another was extinguished before the castle, and the music-desks were cleared away, little by little the garden became dark as before, and the rustling of the trees in the night-wind was again a constant solitary round,—then all seemed plain to me, and it fell at once like ice on my heart that it was the aunt alone who sent for my flowers, that the beautiful young lady was betrothed or married to the handsome nobleman, and that I myself was a fool!

It all plunged me into an abyss of dark revery. I rolled myself like a hedgehog against the sharp points of my own thoughts, while the music of the dance sounded fitfully and at longer intervals from the castle, and clouds swept one by one over the dark gardens. And so I sat, like an owl, amid the ruins of my happiness, all through the lonely night.

The cool morning air at last woke me from my dreams. How astonished I was as I looked around! Music and dancing had long since ceased: while in the castle and all about it, on the broad turf, and among the stone steps and pillars, all was so silent, cool, and calm;—only the fountain before the gate prattled merrily as it ran on. Here and there, on the twigs near me, the birds were waking, shaking their plumes and looking with wonder at their new tree-fellow, while gayly-sweeping morning sun-rays fell across the garden upon my breast.

Then I sat straight up in my tree, and looked for the first time over the country, to where a sail here and there, far, far on the Danube, shone white between the vineyards, or where the as yet empty highways threw themselves out like bridges in the shining land, along over hill and dale.

I know not how it was, but all at once my old longing to wander suddenly seized on me,—all the old sadness and joy and strange hope. And at once with it there fell into my soul the thought that the fair lady lay slumbering in the castle, among flowers and under silken canopies, and that an angel sat by her in the early morning stillness. "No! no!" I cried, "I must away hence, and ever away, as far as the heaven is blue!"

With that, strange, wild boy that I was, I threw my basket high in the air; and it was right pleasant to see how the flowers rained down between the branches and lay in many colors on the turf. Then I quickly descended, and ran to my house, where I long lingered, gazing on the places where I had seen her, or where I had lain in the shade and mused over what I had seen.

Every thing in my house was unchanged from the day before. My garden was plundered and waste, while in the room the great account-book lay wide open, and on the wall my long-forgotten fiddle hung covered with dust. A sunbeam from the opposite window fell gleaming on the strings,

and seemed to awake a chord which re-echoed in my heart. "Yes," I cried, "come here, my trusty friend! Our kingdom is not of this world!"

So I took down the fiddle from the wall, let account-book, dressing-robe, slippers, pipes, and umbrella lie, and wandered, poor as I had come, from my house, far away upon the sunny roads.

I often looked behind me, with strangely-mingled feelings of sorrow, changing with joy as of a bird flying from his cage. And, having gone a good distance, I took out my fiddle and sang in the open air:—

"Let God break all things, with the weather;
The brook and lark and field and tree;
The heavens and earth he'll keep together,
And turn my luck to the best for me!"

The castle, the garden, and the distant towers of Vienna had disappeared behind me in the purple morning light; over my head countless larks were revelling high in the air; and so, between green hills and pleasant towns and hamlets, I went onward to Italy.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The term "masterly inactivity," ascribed to John C. Calhoun, originated with Sir James Mackintosh. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," which everybody, who did not suppose it was in the Bible, credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Henry Estienne, "*Dieu mesure le vent à la brebis tondue*." "In the midst of life we are in death" has been quoted even by divines as a scriptural phrase, whereas it is only to be found in the Book of Common Prayer. "The cups that cheer but not inebriate" was conveyed by Cowper from Bishop Berkeley, in his "Siris." Woodworth's "The child is father of the man," is traced from him to Milton, and from Milton to Sir Thomas Moore. "Like angel's visits, few and far between," is the offspring of Hood; it is not Thomas Campbell's original thought. Old John Norris (1658) originated it, and after him Robert Blair, as late as 1745. "There's a gude time coming," is Scott's phrase in "Rob Roy;" and the "almighty dollar" is Washington Irving's happy hit. We often hear quoted the line, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," and its origin is much discussed. It is by the old English poet, Nat Lee, and occurs in his play of "The Rivals." The correct reading, however, is, "When Greeks joynd Greeks, then was the tug of war."

The great work of electrotyping the Bible in Arabic is now going on in New York. It is designed for circulation among 120,000,000 of people, and is the greatest work of the kind ever undertaken. More than thirty years ago it was found by Dr. Eli Smith and Mr. H. Hallock, then in Smyrna, that no font of type, in which Arabic books were then printed, suited the extremely fastidious taste of Arabs and Turks, whose own manuscripts were marvels of beauty and symmetry. Dr. Smith, having providentially obtained several of the most perfectly finished of those manuscripts, a quite successful attempt was made by Mr. Hallock to prepare type which should well compare with the beauty of the manuscript. But not satisfied with what was then done, Mr. Hallock, for the past thirty years, has been seeking a higher degree of perfection. He has at length, by great mechanical skill and unflinching perseverance, produced fonts of type so symmetrical and perfect as completely to satisfy the tastes of the Arabs and Turks, whose language and manuscripts are among the richest, most beautiful and widely circulated on the globe.

The latest Roman papers record the death of

Cardinal Resti, librarian of the Vatican. He was more than usually liberal in showing the curious and invaluable manuscripts of the Vatican, and permitting them to be collated and transcribed; but so zealous did he watch over these precious trusts, that no one was mutilated during his guardianship.

Guizot's 8th volume of Shakspeare has reached its 6th edition, and Victor Hugo's "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" is having an immense sale all over the world.

The English papers describe the Rev. William Selwyn's "Waterloo, a Song of Jubilee," as "one of the best poems of the day," and say that "the account of the battle is so graphically given, that it would as a prose work, take a stand by Sibourne, Muffling, and other writers." Such descriptions of battles must always be difficult, and only a first class genius, like Homer, can give life to lists and movements of regiments and battalions. Hitherto we have had to depend on prose descriptions for the minutiae of the battle of Waterloo, and upon Byron's verse for the poetry and the glory.

The French Academy of Sciences have recently come in possession of a very valuable work, being nothing less than D'Alembert's "*Memoire of Lagrange*," in eight volumes, given by him to Condorcet. It next passed into the hands of Biot, who gave it to Boutr, Professor of L'Ecole Polytechnique, who recently dying, sent it to the Academy of Sciences. It is the most curious and valuable in their collection.

Byron's "*Don Juan*," recently translated into German by Gildemeister, is said to be a most perfect rendering of a great work from one modern language to another, as admirable, in its way, as Coleridge's version of Schiller's "*Piccolomini*."

The valuable private library of Isaac Taylor, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," has been sold at auction in London. It contained the principal works of the Fathers of the Church, and a great variety of theological and classical works.

Herr Grosse, a Berlin publisher, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for insulting the French Emperor, in a novel published by him, entitled "*Louis Napoleon, or the Struggle between Destiny and the Imperial Crown*."

Shakspeare is being translated into Hindostanee and published at Bombay.

M. Theophile Gautier's daughter, Judith, translates from the Chinese, writes criticisms on art, and has lately married M. Catulle Mendes, a promising young French poet.

M. Emile Augier is quite happy over the fact that five thousand copies of his new comedy, "*La Contagion*," sold on the day of publication.

Jeff Davis, a few days ago, on being applied to by a photographer, declined to allow his picture to be taken, because he had changed so that his old friends would not know him. On the contrary, the artist, who has known him for a long time, said he did not think he had changed very greatly in his appearance. His voice was a very little weak, but that he did not propose to take.

Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie is now living in London. Her sympathies went with the South, by the defeat of which it is said her husband lost all his property. Mrs. Ritchie has been spending some time in Italy, but came to London with the resolute purpose of supporting herself by her pen. Her residence is in Kensington, not far from Thackeray's late home, in a quiet, healthful neighborhood, full of literary associations. She has been a great sufferer physically, but, in spite of this, she wonderfully retains her youth and beauty. She is very hard to work upon her literary projects.

Young Dumas has written a new book called "*Clemenceau's Case, an Accused Man's Memoir*." A newspaper wished to publish it in fragments, and offered an immense sum for the privilege. Dumas

refused, on the ground that the story was not a proper one for family circulation.

M. de la Chatre has taken the pains to publish seven octavo volumes and more are promised, under the frightful title, "*The History of the Popes; Crimes, Murders, Poisonings, Parricides, Adulteries, and Incidents of the Roman Pontiffs, from the time of St. Peter down to our own day*."

Mr. W. H. Russell, the celebrated *Times* correspondent, is writing a "*History of the American War*."

A SUMMER LUXURY.—The latest novelty in London is the Zephyrion or Table Punka. The "Punka," it will be remembered, was introduced into this country by Mr. Stuart, at Wallack's old theatre. It economizes labor, and very simply and very simply and effectually ventilates the warmest place of amusement. The "Zephyrion" consists of a small round box on a stand. To this a fan is fixed, and the machinery having been wound up with a key, the fan commences its action, waving backward and forward with a slow or rapid movement, according as it is registered. It can be placed upon the table beside the reader, writer, or worker, and will undoubtedly be a favorite in warm climates. Any fan can be attached.

SKETCH OF VICTOR MASSE, THE COMPOSER.

The Opera Comique, which has not been fortunate of late years, has obtained a decided success with M. Victor Massé's "*Fior d'Aliza*," although the "book" is so entirely unsuited to the stage, it was thought for some nights the opera would prove still-born. As every one of your readers is familiar with M. de Lamartine's work on which the "book" is founded, it would be fatiguing to analyse it. They may find more interest in a brief sketch of the composer who, I believe, is destined to attain very high rank in his art. Felix Marie Massé was born at Lorient. He did not receive the name Victor at baptism, but gave it to himself as likely to tell well on the play-bills. When he was nine years old he was admitted to the School of Choron, one of the most celebrated music masters seen in France this half-century. Here he remained until Choron's death, when he entered the Conservatory, joining Zimmermann's piano class. He carried off the first prize in it, and his master, seeing the promise he gave of musical talents, counselled him to study harmony and counterpoint. He did so, and in the course of a short time became a pupil of Halévy. In 1845 he wrote the music of the cantata "*Le Renégat*," and won the grand prize, which secured him a three years' residence at Rome, at the expense of the French Government. He secured, I scarcely know how—the favor of M. Perrin, the manager of the Opera Comique. As he is a brilliant talker, especially about his art, he probably secured the manager's favor by it as well as by his master's patronage. At all events upon his return from Rome, M. Perrin told him he would play any opera comique he might write. He wrote "*La Chanteuse Voilée*" (which has been repeatedly played in New Orleans) and it was brought out at the Opera Comique in 1851. The success was immense. It became instantly popular, and the composer's name was on every tongue coupled with vaticinations as flattering as those of the witches who met Macbeth. The following year he gave "*Galathée*," which was as popular as his first opera; and the same year (1852) he brought out "*Les Noces de Jeannette*," which was still more successful than its predecessors. There seemed to be no height of musical art which the young composer might not hope to scale—then came a turn of tide—he struggled in vain to command success. The public turned its back on him, though he gave "*La Fiancée du Diable*," (1854) "*Miss Fouvettte*"